

An ELEGY on the DEATH

Of the Reverend and Honourable

WILLIAM GRAHME, S. T. P.

Late Dean of *Wells*, and Clerk of the *Closet* to Her
Sacred Majesty, &c. Who departed this Life, Feb. 5. 1712, and was
interr'd in the *Parish-Church* at *Kensington*.

Being a Translation of the *Latin Copy*, by JOSEPH PERKINS.

Let us now praise famous Men, Ecclus. xliv 1.

AS I pass'd o'er *Parnassus* shady Hills,
The Rocks with Sighs and Groans
[*Thalia* fills:
She from her Temples puts the Laurels
[Crown,
And flowing Tears her watry Cheeks ran down.
What Grief? said I, What Cause of so great Cries?
In doleful Notes, the mourning Muse replies,
Set on *Angels* Wings, Brave *Grahme's* Soul,
Has left this World, to climb the *Starry Pole*:
Whilst I his *Herse*, and *Funeral Fires* relate,
I pity more his Country's, than his Fate:
The City, Country, University,
And mournful Court condole his Destiny.
Some pious Tears fell from our Gracious QUEEN,
And Clouds of Grief obscur'd Her Looks Serene.
He often Silver, often gave us Gold,
And still was to the *Nine* a Friend of old.
Therefore the *Muses* shall his Praises sing,
And make *Parnassus* Rocks with *Eccho's* ring.
His Gifts, which to the Poor he gave in Love,
Like *Frankinsence*, mount to the Skies above.
His Name's, like *Spiknard*, to be prized more,
Than all the Riches of the *Indian-Shore*.
Vertues Rewards are Praises and Renown,
And these His Merits, and His Vertues Crown.
His Faith was shewn by Works: So shin'd his Light,
That 'tis not darken'd by the Fatal Night.
Before his Pious Soul his Corps forfook,
This Comfort to his Mourning Friends he spoke.
"In Peace of Conscience, I my self Console;
I know, my Lord has Mercy on my Soul.
Let Cannons Roar, whilst waving *Ensign* flies:
His Ship's arriv'd in th' Haven of the Skies.
His Anchor's cast, in Storms he Sails no more:
He's safely landed on th' *Aethereal Shore*.
His Star goes down; but rises in the East,
Only his Bones intombed softly rest.
Lay by your Sighs, and every doleful moan:
He, whom you Pity, to the Stars is gone.
From off you, let your Mourning Weeds be lay'd:
Whilst He shines in a long white Robe Array'd.

He o'er his vanquish'd Foes has Triumphs led,
And a bright *Diadem* adorns his Head.
His mortal Foes he Conquer'd: In the Skies
A Palm's the Ensign of his Victories.
Suppress, his dearest Friends, your Groans and Cries
In Heaven all Tears are wiped from his Eyes.
Now a new Star adorns the *Hemisphere*;
By his bright Beams may we our Courses steer.
To his clear Light let's have a watchful Eye,
Whilst o'er this Worlds tempestuous Waves we ply.
Associated with Saints his Pious Soul,
Sings *Hallelujahs* in th' *Aethereal Pole*.
Whilst he Sings with the Saints in Glory Crown'd,
Antems not utter'd by a mortal Sound;
We in a mortal Strain his Vertues sing,
That Earth and Heaven may with his Praises ring.
His Name like *Ointment* yields a fragrant Scent,
And is more lasting than the *Adamant*;
Treasures of Grace adorn'd his Noble Breast:
His humble Mind all Piety possess.
Then from his Ashes, and his Sacred Tomb,
May fragrant *Violets* and *Roses* Bloom.
Whilst in the Dust your Ashes Sleep, O *Grahme*!
Ages to come shall *Eccho* forth your Fame.
Your Sons like *Olive Branches* you have seen:
And ANNE so named by our Gracious Queen.
His Pious Consort labour'd all in vain,
Tho' Hand were join'd in Hand, him to retain;
Nor Flouds of Tears, Loves most alluring Charms,
Retain him, nor his Faithful Servants Arms.
Them to his Ghosts instead of Sacrifice,
We'll offer up our Mournful Elegies.

THE EPITAPH.

HERE a Renowned Dean lamented lies:
The Casket's here, the Jewels in the Skies.

The Memorial of the Righteous is blessed.
His body is buried in Peace, but his Name endureth for evermore.
He hath dispersed abroad, and given to the Poor, and his Righteousness
remaineth for ever; his horn shall be exalted with honour.
Honour to whom Honour is due.